# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*


## Cooperative Consumers Succeed
*James Peter Warbasse*

Minorities Internationally Treated
- - - - - - - - - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

Disruptive Christianity - - - *Harry Taylor*

The Wickedest Man Alive
- - - - - - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

The English Sedition Bill
- - - - - - - - *Reginald A. Reynolds*


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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Buchmanism and India

(*Continued*)

To begin with the "point of contact," as Mr. Buchman would say! I saw Mr. Buchman years ago in South India where he was "the man behind the scenes" in a series of old-time revival meetings conducted by Dr. Sherwood Eddy, as he then was. More recently I met him and his Group at work in a Theological College in Calcutta, and was not much impressed by their methods or their results. One of the students who "shared" at the party held in the College is now bitter against them. I have since read with interest the story of the Groups told by Mr. A. J. Russell in his "For Sinners Only," an intriguing title. While at the Christa Seva Sangh, Poona, I heard a brother who had secured an early copy of the book for his own reading, reluctantly handing it over to another more importunate, saying, "thy need is greater than mine."

Having thus established what "F. B." would call my point of contact with the reader, may I "share" with him some of the thoughts stirred in me by the accounts of the Group Movement?

One of the most challenging things in the Movement is the claim of the Groups to live and act under the immediate impulsion of the Holy Spirit. Their methods of getting guidance—sitting down with "Guidance Book" and pencil at hand—may seem too crude, and to reduce the whisperings of the "still small voice" to too precise a code for the Indian mind; but the claim itself is challenging and if true ought to bring a new power and direction to Christian living. And why should it not be true? The claim and the experience are nothing new in Christianity. The pages of the New Testament are full of the records of the promise and the fulfilment of the Spirit coming as an abiding Presence to guide and control the believer. Jesus promised to send the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, who would abide with his followers forever and guide them into all truth. And we see that unfailing guidance at work in the lives of the Apostles, moving their hearts to make right decisions, directing

(*Continued on page 199*)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

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## CIVILIZATION AND POVERTY

**"Even the best of modern civilization appears to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor even possesses the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that, if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion, are to make no difference in the extent and the intensity of Want, with its concomitant physical and moral degradation, among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet, which would sweep the whole affair away, as a desirable consummation. What profits it to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and of the air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?"**

*—Thomas. H. Huxley.*

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These were the days, just twenty years ago, when the world was rushing into the greatest war in history. And nobody knew it! A writer in a recent issue of the New York *Times* reviews for us the story of what was occupying the minds of men in June, 1914, and it is an amazing story. "The hopeful, confidently secure world," he says, "was going its tranquil way. . . A world growing every day safer and more comfortable." Yet a "more than casual glance," says this reporter, "would have told a different story. . . The World War had definite causes, and the causes were of long standing." What happened, of course, was incredible, but it should have been foreseen and prevented; and would have been foreseen, and might have been prevented, had the world not been incurably happy-go-lucky and optimistic. On June 28 came the spark that lit the vast explosion—the assassinations of Sarajevo, in Bosnia. But, again, nobody knew it! Twenty years ago, at just this time, the world was still quite undisturbed, though it was realizing that the murder of the Austrian Archduke and his wife threatened serious international difficulties. Yet still, with our incorrigible belief that nothing really disastrous can happen, at least to *us*, we persisted in being more interested in the Becker trial in New York, for example, and in the Caillaux case in Paris, than in the feverish diplomatic bickerings over the Austro-Serbian embroilment. Even when the war came, and German troops were smashing through Belgium, we were excited but not disturbed. We were really a good deal more interested in what was happening to this relative or that friend, unfortunately caught in the area of fighting, than we were in a continent rocking in the convulsion of cosmic catastrophe. The war could not go on—in any case, the United States could never be involved! And so, in our complacency, we kept on refusing to recognize reality. Now, twenty years later, in a world still in the throes of the horror which swept down upon us in 1914, we have learned a few things—but not many. We are somewhat disturbed at the international situation—but not too much. In a situation infinitely more chaotic than that of 1914, with the forces making for war infinitely more imminent and terrible, we still think we need not worry overmuch. Well, perhaps this is the only way we can live at all in such a world!

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It is rather sickening, it strikes us, for the European nations to raise a rumpus over the six months' moratorium declared by Germany on its international obligations. It is true that these obligations are debts duly contracted and owed, and it is also true that this moratorium was established by the debtor without consultation or agreement with the creditors. But who are England, France, Italy, that they should complain against this action by the Reich? These nations are defaulters every one, and Germany's refusal to pay only adds one more defaulter to the list. Germany, in other words, is only following the new international policy of dishonor—borrow money, and then at your own convenience wipe off the debt! Of all the nations concerned in this game of defalcation, only the United States has the moral right to enter complaint against the Reich. Since Germany has declined to pay on the loans made under the Dawes and the Young Plans, this country may properly address to Berlin the same protests which it has already addressed to London and Paris. But the other nations might in decency keep silent. As for retaliation by England and France against Germany, we can only say that if anything can make Hitler's government popular in this country, this is it. In regard to the whole debt problem, our attitude is the same today as it was when the question of German reparations was to the fore. First, as a matter of sober fact, these debts are not going to be

paid. Secondly, as a matter of wise policy, the debts ought to be cancelled, not by defalcation by the debtors but by the mutual agreement of debtors and creditors together. Thirdly, such cancellation is wholly beneficent, as proving that money loaned to belligerent nations in a great war is only so much treasure poured into a bottomless pit.

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We refer our readers to "The Field" in this issue of UNITY, for a brilliant and alarming description of the Disaffection Bill now before the House of Commons in England. That this legislation can pass seems at this instance to be incredible. But that such a bill could actually be prepared and introduced into the English Parliament is itself enough to take one's breath away. For this is infringement of liberty in the very land which gave liberty to the world, and has since guarded this liberty as its most precious treasure. Mr. Reynolds, our English correspondent, rightly sees in this sedition bill a repercussion at home of imperialism abroad. What Britain has long been doing to Indians, in other words, the Government now proposes to do to Englishmen. It is well to remember this—that while the English people have risen up in wrath against the horrors of Mussolini's rule in Italy and Hitler's rule in Germany, they have never so much as rumpled a hair over the even greater horrors of British rule in India. All of which *we* know something about in our rule of the Philippines, now happily coming to an end! But deeper than this, to our mind, is the significance of this Incitement to Disaffection Bill as a step toward Fascism in the one country where it might be supposed that Fascism would last appear. It is true, to be sure, that this legislation is being suggested as a means of safeguarding the realm against the menace of Sir Oswald Moseley's black-shirted forces. But what difference does it make whether Fascism comes in by the back-door of organized reactionary revolt or by the front-door of public legislation by His Majesty's Parliament? The important thing is that tyranny and force are taking the place of liberty, and that is Fascism whether it be under the Swastika or the Union Jack. It is enough to make the angels of high heaven weep to see J. Ramsay MacDonald sponsoring legislation of this character. Let us hope that the Prime Minister's loss of his soul does not mean that England has lost her soul as well!

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"It has been impossible of late," says the *New Republic,* "not to note the diminution of Mr. Roosevelt's prestige." We cannot agree! We think it entirely possible "not to note the diminution" of which this distinguished journal speaks. We see nothing more plain today than the unabated continuance of the President's prestige, power, and popularity not only with the people, but also with the politicians as well. There is criticism of the Roosevelt policies, which is growing in intensity both on the right (conservatism) and on the left (radicalism); and in due course this criticism is bound to extend from the measures to the man. But we see little indication that this process has yet begun. We expect to note this change in public attitude toward the President, first, this fall, when the cost of living goes up so fast and so far that it cannot be ignored or explained away. Up to the present moment, this rise in costs has been patchy, spasmodic, and in no case distressing. But this fall there will be a turn of the screw which will make everybody yell with anguish. Then, of course, the President will be blamed, as, justly or unjustly, he is blamed for everything. A second crisis in Mr. Roosevelt's popularity will come in 1935, when taxes, in city and state as well as nation, will begin to be levied to meet the enormous expenditures of the administration. It is a curious evidence of the utter lack of imagination, indeed of intelligence, in this country, that everybody has been rapturously applauding this unprecedented pouring forth of public funds, and nobody apparently counting the cost. All this expenditure, which has now boosted the national indebtedness to the greatest total in our history, *has got to be paid for!* This means taxes—taxes heavier than any we have ever faced before. These taxes will begin to be levied in 1935, and then—well, the yell, we venture to prophesy, will ring the welkin as it has never been rung before. What will happen to President Roosevelt when this day comes? Will he be re-elected? It will be interesting to see!

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It looks at last as though something were going to be done about the "movies." The apparent helplessness of the public in the face of the filth poured out these past years by the money-grabbing Hollywood ignoramuses and disreputables has been one of the most depressing contemporary signs of the failure of democracy. Could the people actually do nothing about this condition of moral degeneracy? They would not allow a householder to dump his garbage in the gutter, nor even a passing tramp to commit a nuisance in some corner. And yet for years, now, the people have let the Hollywood "pimps," nicely protected by a Presbyterian elder of their own choice, defile the playhouses of the nation with such exhibitions of lewdness and indecency as would not have been tolerated a generation ago even in a bawdy parlor. One source of weakness, of course, has been the press, which has been absolutely silent under the influence of "movie" advertising. But the religious press, gallantly led by the *Churchman* and the *Christian Century,* re-

volted some time ago. And now the Roman Catholics, with all their enormous power of organization and propaganda, are swinging into the fight. Publishing a Pledge of Decency which "condemns vile and unwholesome moving pictures," and binds all signatories "to remain away from all motion pictures except those which do not offend decency and Christian morality," the Church has secured more than a million signatures. In Boston, the Church has extended the Pledge to enbrace all producers who make and market dirty pictures—so that one offense will outlaw all the productions of the offending studio. Protestants and Jews are rallying to the support of their Catholic brethren, and it is expected that the Pledge will soon command a public of more than 10,000,000 persons. Good! Let this great work go on! We believe in the boycott as a weapon against evil, and here is the boycott at its very best.

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The *Commonweal,* able Roman Catholic weekly, presents an unanswerable indictment of Protestantism. It reminds us that it has long been the habit of Protestants to claim that "all the rich, progressive and powerful nations were mainly Protestant in religion, while all the poor, weak, backward and decadent nations were mainly Catholic." The reason for this fact, Protestants have insisted, says the *Commonweal,* is as obvious as the fact itself—namely, that "the prosperity, imperialism and general triumphant progress of the industrialized peoples (are to be) attributed to the vigorous individualism produced and encouraged by the teachings of Protestantism. . . On the other, Catholicism, so the argument ran, bred backward, idle, superstitious peoples, who not only were incapable of developing the innate wealth of their respective countries and colonies, but were unable even to hold on to what they already possessed." That there is real historic connection between Protestantism and capitalistic industrialism has been made plain by the work of the German economist, Max Weber, and that of his disciple, the English economist, R. H. Tawney, whose book, "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," is well known. And this connection was a thing to boast about, as the *Commonweal* points out, so long as the Humpty Dumpty of capitalism was perched proudly upon the wall of prosperity and world power. But now, something has happened—Humpty Dumpty has had "a great fall"! Capitalism, in other words, by which we mean modern industrialism, has collapsed. Collapsed practically, as a working system of production and distribution, and ethically, as a moral theory of life! We have got to get rid of this highly individualized economic system, or at least greatly modify it, if our civilization is to survive. And in any case we have got to transform it into conformity with the teachings of Jesus, which it has from the beginning outraged, if Christianity is to survive. Where does such a situation leave Protestantism, the religion of capitalism? The question answers itself. It all tends to remind us of H. G. Wells' indictment of Protestantism, in his "Outline of History," as a catastrophe in the sense that it broke up the Medieval dream of a universal Christian state, and led the way to the competitive and destructive nationalism of modern times. It is not unlikely that this cataclysmic age will see the greatest revival of Roman Catholicism since the Reformation.

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Was Charles H. Spurgeon, the centenary of whose birth falls in this present year (1934), the most popular of modern preachers? All evidence seems to indicate that he was. Certainly there is no living preacher to rival him. Even the most famous of our preachers today have no audiences to match the crowds which filled Spurgeon's enormous church to the doors, summer as well as winter, through a period of forty years. Of nineteenth century preachers, Spurgeon's own contemporaries, one thinks immediately of Henry Ward Beecher. But Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, built especially for Beecher, seats only 3,000 people, whereas the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which Spurgeon built in 1861, had a capacity of 6,000. At the early age of twenty-two, the great English Baptist was the most popular pulpit orator of his day; and a generation later, thousands of people waited in line on Sunday mornings to gain admission to his auditorium. Nor was his influence limited to the spoken word! For Spurgeon's sermons were taken down in shorthand and published, and sold by the millions. What was the secret of Spurgeon's power? The records of his work, as well as the legends, all indicate that it was not at all intellectual nor even spiritual, but rather emotional and personal. Like all great orators this preacher was marvellously endowed with voice, physique, and the divine gift of magnetism. Along with this went the actor's art, consummately developed through years of studied use. His message was strongly evangelical, and therefore furnished just the type of material adapted to his forensic qualities. Back of all this, however, was solid homiletical ability, many of his sermons being models of exposition and passionate appeal. Though orthodox in temper, and steadfastly opposed to all theological enlightenment, Spurgeon was tolerant in spirit, and truly religious in his utter devotion to his task and in his dedicated service of mankind. The influence of Spurgeon upon his own age was enormous, but has now almost disappeared. The great preacher has his glorious day, and then—is gone forever!

# Proposed Roads to a Better Social Order

## No. 7—Cooperative Consumers Succeed

Neglect of the consumer has brought the world to a critical situation. For a hundred years, inventors, industrialists, and workers have addressed themselves intensively to production in the interest of the producers. Profits and wages have been the goal. And in order most effectively to gain this end, things and labor had to be kept scarce. Abundance connotes disorganization of the prevalent business system. In the presence of abundance of commodities and of labor, profits and wages decline. To meet this, the principle of scarcity has been established. This has now become an economic essential, expressing itself in the limitation of crops, restriction of fabrication, destruction of commodities, cessation of home building, checking of immigration, and restraints of apprenticeship. If anybody still believes that a civilization can be built upon the philosophy of scarcity, this planet is not the place to look for substantiation of the doctrine.

The unworkability of the scarcity method has promoted two entirely different alternatives based on the idea of plenty: socialism and cooperation. Socialism is favorable to the principle of abundance because it aims at service in place of profits as the motive of industry. But it adds two complications to defeat its end. The first of these is expansion of the political State, which defeats freedom, suppresses the individual, promotes autocracy, discourages the natural desire for personal ownership, and mechanizes society. The second complication of socialism is the glorification of labor, which man naturally desires to escape. To this are added the exaltation of the least efficient element in society—the proletariat—and the turning of attention to wages and production as the aims of social organization.

The other means, addressed to the promotion of plenty, is the consumers' cooperative movement. Its expansion makes for the decline of the functions of the State. It begins not with the worker, the factory, and the workshop as the centers of interest, but with the home, the playground, the club, the store, the theater, the hospital, the restaurant, and the other places where things are consumed and services rendered, where life is lived and rewards paid. It happens that this is not theory but fact. Cooperative associations are doing these things. Out of the facts which they have built, the philosophy has grown. Cooperation is concerned with the direct attainment of the abundance of life.

Cooperation is the voluntary, non-political organization of consumers, pooling their resources, to supply themselves with the things and services they need. This is accomplished through what is called the Rochdale method. This method is based on the principle of (1) one vote for each member and (2) returning to the consumer the difference between the cost and distributing price in proportion to patronage. Cooperators learn first to serve their immediate needs—food, clothing and housing. Economically, by so doing they save themselves the profit that would otherwise be lost to themselves. But the more important value is that they learn how to work together and carry on business for themselves in the spirit of mutual aid.

The method is simple. Regular members' meetings are held. A board of directors is elected. This board is charged with the duty of appointing experts and executives to carry on the business in the interest of the members. Thus democracy is made practicable. Special bodies to control auditing, education, and other functions are created. The business mechanism shunts off that golden stream, in common parlance called profits, and runs it into the cooperative treasury. With this, expansion is made possible and the costs of living reduced. This means that new businesses are entered into, the standards of living raised, and service substituted for profit as the purpose of industry.

Examples of the cooperative method will serve to illustrate cooperation in action. Some three hundred associations in Switzerland supply their members with electricity. These people did not submit to the public utility companies as we do in America nor did they implore the government to provide them with electricity. They knew the high costs of the first and they knew that the second is beset with the uncertainties of politics. They had observed governments come and go; they had seen one undo the policies of the other. These Swiss people did the more direct and less complicated thing; they themselves provided themselves with electricity. This is so simple that it does not easily occur to the mind steeped in the lore of political society. It comes only to the minds that think directly and in simple terms. The Swiss cooperatives place turbine wheels in the mountain streams, connect them with dynamos, and conduct the current to their homes. The power of melted snow heats the house, cooks the meals, furnishes light, and runs the sewing machine, the churn, and the grindstone. They are simple people. We are expansive and prefer the methods of Mr. Insull. These Swiss have not renounced the natural principle of private property. They are the owners of the things they need. If their cooperative enterprises do not succeed, they lose their money and they lose their property. Responsibility for their personal stake prompts them to vigilance.

Cooperative societies supply their members with all the useful commodities and services which profit business supplies. They are able to perform also the useful functions which the socialized State aims to perform. This only means that the consumers, organized in a cooperative society, are no less efficient than when organized as citizens in the State. Distribution to themselves through their retail stores is naturally the biggest cooperative business. Organizations with such stores are found in most of the countries of the world. They are usually simple shops not different in appearance from those of profit business. In most places they are smaller and less conspicuous. In Great Britain, however, they are the best stores in most British towns. The total business of the 1,358 societies, with nearly 7,000,000 members, in the British Cooperative Union, in 1933, amounted to more than £300,000,000.

The stores of the Stockholm Cooperative Society are the most beautiful stores in Sweden. There is no department store in Switzerland to compare with that of the Zurich society. Many societies in the larger cities have several hundred stores. There are no useful commodities they do not carry.

In the field of services, the consumers are learn-

ing to supply all of their needs. Banking, beginning with the credit societies of Raiffeisen and Delitzsch, is well developed in more than forty countries. In some, cooperative banking and insurance are well advanced toward becoming the dominant methods in these fields. The £700,000,000 turnover of the British central cooperative bank, in 1933, indicates big business. Banking carried on in the interest of the consumers—the depositors and borrowers, the people needing banking service—and not in the interest of the stockholders and directors, may ultimately be discovered to be the way of sound banking.

Cooperative housing is making the tenants their own landlords. In many cities, it has put the working people into their own homes and given them control of their housing. People are discovering that when they pay a landlord rent, they buy his house from him about every ten years. Cooperation provides for a diminishing cost of domicile. As the capital investment is amortized month after month, the monthly costs decrease. In many countries the housing societies are federated. In Denmark such a federation maintains architectural, building, and landscape gardening departments, plants for paints, and for producing their own cement, brick, tiling, pipes, sash and doors. The advantages of cooperative housing over municipal housing can be seen in every European city where the two methods are in operation—if one has the courage to escape from his political guides and find the cooperative houses.

Cooperative education is expressed in the schools, colleges, lecture courses, and educational literature of cooperative societies. The Rochdale Pioneers set aside two and a half percent of their savings for education, and modern cooperation continues the practice. The cooperative movements of forty countries have departments for education. This is largely addressed to the economics of the consumer. All of these countries have cooperative periodicals. In many countries each society publishes its own local paper. The cooperative printing and publishing business in some countries is among the large industries.

Milk supply in the hands of cooperatives is proving particularly successful. The municipal distribution of milk in Europe is giving place to the cooperative method as the more efficient of the two. Cooperative restaurants are to be found in many countries. Laundries relieve the homes of much drudgery. Transportation is developing in many fields. The autobus lines of the British cooperatives now form a network throughout England. Hundreds of railroad cars are owned by the societies of Europe for transportation of their goods. The steamship lines of the British Cooperative Wholesale penetrate the seven seas.

The fire departments of many of the wholesale societies are highly efficient and pay all of their cost by the savings in insurance which they effect. Cooperative courts of law, called arbitration societies, prevail in India. In several countries cooperative antimalaria societies drain the swamps and protect the health of the members.

The method of medical practice under the old regime of profit competition has run its course and is far advanced in dissolution. In its place apparently is coming state medicine with all of the mechanization and centralized political control that characterize state action. Attempts at syndicalistic medicine—control by the workers—are promoted especially in the United States where syndicalism in other fields is most unpopular. But organization and control by the consumers—the patients and prospective patients—make progress in many countries. When examined economically, socially or scientifically, this proves to be a highly effective method. It is seen in hospitals which are controlled by popular organizations, by churches, and by social bodies. Fine examples of the pure Rochdale cooperative method exist in many European countries. Hospitals, sanitoriums, clinics and laboratories are conducted by societies which carry on at the same time many other services for their members. An example of the cooperative method is furnished by the society of The Hague in Holland, covering a period of over fifty years. This society has stores, houses, banks, insurance, burial service, and many other activities. Its health department has 118,000 members. It employs forty-three physicians. These are men of high professional standing and ability, employed full time, with adequate salaries. The society has forty nurses, owns its own hospital and clinic buildings, and maintains drug stores and laboratories. All of this is controlled by the consumers and is on a high plane of scientific efficiency. Efforts of the Socialists to have the city take over this service have thus far been successfully repulsed.

Cooperative societies commonly begin with one enterprise. As they learn how to make that succeed, they use their surplus to expand into other fields. In some countries, they begin as consumers' "supply, banking, and housing" societies. Housing projects are promoted. The stores are in the society's houses, and the banks are in the stores. When enough distributive societies have developed in any country, these federate to form a national organization for wholesaling. The wholesale first buys from jobbers, then from manufacturers, and then goes into manufacturing itself. The last step is the acquisition of lands and other sources of raw materials.

In Great Britain, in 1863, the wholesale federation was formed. It has now become the largest wholesaling business in the country. The Scottish and English wholesales have a hundred and fifty different manufacturing enterprises. Their flour mills are the largest in Europe. Likewise the largest flour mills in Sweden, Switzerland, and several other countries are owned by the cooperative consumers. Thirty thousand acres of farms in Great Britain, thirty-five thousand acres of tea plantations in India and Ceylon, and other properties in all of the countries of the world testify to the far flung business of the organized British consumers. Their coal mines are the best run mines in Great Britain. Thirty other countries have cooperative wholesales. Production for use, controlled by the consumers, is steadily expanding. Cooperative bakeries are among the first industries established by these societies.

The national organizations of forty-one countries are federated in the International Cooperative Alliance, organized in 1892. It now has 250,000 societies with over 100,000,000 members. This is not a league of nations, but a voluntary league of peoples, and the most substantial expression of international organization the world has yet developed. It has in operation the International Cooperative Wholesale Society, composed of the national wholesales of twenty-six coun-

tries, which carries on international commerce among its members. In 1933, the business turnover of this new international organization amounted to over £50,000,000. In several fields it has had its conflicts with the great trusts and has won. In supplying its members with dried fruits, tea, coffee, and electric lamps of its own manufacture, no profit business successfully competes against it. This wholesale is slowly expanding over the world, its business increasing yearly. An International Cooperative Banking Society and an International Insurance Society are also in process of development. These cooperative organizations move slowly. They have large financial resources, built out of what would have been the profits accruing from their members' patronage had that patronage been given to profit business.

In the United States is a steadily growing cooperative movement. There are some 6,500 cooperative consumers' societies with about 1,800,000 members, and a business turnover, in 1933, of approximately $365,000,000. These organizations include farmers' supply societies, oil distributing associations, stores, banks, telephone societies, electric supply associations, bakeries, restaurants, and other supply groups. Cooperative housing is particularly successful here.

No country ever moved forward substantially in cooperation until it had a national federation of its societies. This now exists in the steadily growing Cooperative League of the United States—a federation consisting of 1,490 societies, with over 500,000 members, having a business turnover of over $100,000,000 in 1933. The newest consumers' organizations are the 1,500 oil societies, mostly among the farmers. Their roadside stations are numerous in the middle western states. Last year these organizations had investments amounting to $15,000,000. Their total turnover amounted to $35,000,000. They paid in cash to their members savings-returns amounting to $5,000,000. This is a return of 15% on their patronage and 33% on their investment. The quality of petroleum products distributed by them is better than the much advertised brands. Their members have not lost money by their investments in their cooperative societies during the depression and their employees have not lost their jobs. About ten new oil societies are organized every month. They are forming a federation and moving on toward refining and ownership of oil wells.

The striking fact about cooperative consumers' societies is that they are more successful than profit business. In proportion to capital invested the failures are fewer and the losses less than in profit business in the same fields. This is strikingly true in Europe, but also in the United States. This is despite the fact that the laws and the habits of thought of the mass of people in this country are opposed to cooperation as a business method.

Philanthropists and welfare workers seem not interested in cooperation, possibly because it tends to make people independent in thought and action and less needful of succor. Reformers are not sympathetic because cooperation requires investing some capital and assuming some responsibility for the success of a business enterprise. It is more agreeable to patronize profit business and write, talk, and vote for some ideal dream. Still there is a steadily increasing number of people who are willing to lay their hands to the job of building an orderly economic system here and now, risk their capital, and train themselves to administer such a system. The curve of expansion of cooperative societies has been continuously upward since their beginning nearly a century ago. And this expansion goes on in good times, in bad times, in peace, and in war.

JAMES PETER WARBASSE.*

*President of the American Cooperative Movement.

## Minorities Internationally Treated

Although we do not always lead in good works, Chicago can boast of its new lead in conferences given by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, with eleven local cooperating groups. As far as we can discover, the Conference on the Problems of Minorities, held in the Palmer House on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of May, is the first on record to discuss the troubles of American underprivileged groups in their international setting, and to recommend international solutions for them.

With a world slant on things in general, we determined from the start to waste no time listening to any possible hater of whole nations or races, however famous or well-informed. On every subject we sought rather the man or woman who had the necessary knowledge plus an international balanced outlook. And so it was that we avoided the worst pitfalls of debate, received up-to-date information, and came to useful conclusions embodied in the resolutions we are distributing.

After a review of the sympathetic attitude always taken toward minorities by our League, the first subject was the oldest American problem of all—The American Indian. Irwin St. John Tucker, friend of all the Indians in Chicago, told us about the artistic and spiritual contribution that the Indian can make and has made to our civilization, although he has been so long misruled by the "civilized."

John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, promised to attend, but with the increase of pressure in Washington against his Indian Bill, he cancelled the trip and substituted Ward Shepard, who helped to write the Wheeler-Howard Bill, and could explain this administration plan of returning to the tribes the control of their land and something of their old prestige. A member of the Menominees reported on that happy reservation in Wisconsin where the land is owned in common, the lumber business cooperative and successful, schools self-supporting, and two million dollars accumulated.

The second American problem was the Negro's. Melville Herskovits gave his theory of the origin of our American Negro—from one region in West Africa where, before the time of their exodus, large cities surrounded by cultivated fields were common, and religion and the arts were highly developed. The blacks were then slave owners, and in their slave markets white traders bought entire tribes recently defeated in warfare—rulers, warriors, farmers and artisans—a plausible explanation for the wide range of intelligence we now find among American negroes.

Cultivated Negroes, an alderman and a school principal, gave their testimony of the inescapable discrimination against Negroes in the United States. By law in the South they do not possess equal rights, and by custom in all states they constitute the American caste of untouchables.

Mexican and Oriental Americans of under-privileged status were barely mentioned, but our unpopular politicals were the subject of Dr. John A. Lapp's after-dinner talk, when he made serious charges of injustice still tolerated in many states.

The complicated minority problems of Europe, aftermath of many wars, needed more time than we could give them. However, we had Albert Lybyer of Illinois on the Balkans, and on Mussolini's minorities we heard the synopsis of a pamphlet translated for this conference from the Italian of Gaetano Salvemini. We had three talks including question periods on the persecution by Hitler of unpopular German citizens, including the defeat of Feminism.

Two cheering reports were made on the active encouragement of racial cultures under the Soviets, and the success of Jewish colonies in Palestine.

Our final subject was the League of Nations—what it has and has not done for minorities. Quincy Wright's analysis was valuable—no despair over the increase in minority complaints, rather defining them as a by-product of growing literacy, ease of communication and travel. Protests arise where once hopeless fatalism ruled.

J. William Terry inspired a resolution in favor of an international commission on minorities with power to hear all complaints and to travel wherever investigation seems necessary.

Another resolution demands an inclusive treaty safe-guarding all minorities. Injustice being the concern of all, we are willing to submit American minorities to international investigation, if other nations do likewise.

American minorities may well feel that a forward step is taken by a Conference which treats all minorities alike, resolving to investigate, educate and act for justice, nationally and internationally.

As international pacifists we are friendly to all oppressed groups, and will help organize other conferences on the problems of minorities.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD.*

*Chairman of the Conference.

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# "Disruptive Christianity"

The words of Jesus are crammed full of spiritual dynamite. Every one of his injunctions is a bomb calculated to disrupt and destroy the former life of any one who takes the teachings to heart. These early Christians accomplished so much because every one of them was charged with a spiritual explosive. The people with whom they came in contact after their conversion could not help taking notice of them and being profoundly affected by them. Let there be no mistake about it, they were out to change things, to disrupt, to turn upside-down a great many of the customs and practices of their day.

First of all came a tremendous change in their own lives; then came the realization that they must radically change the society of which they were members. Here is Zaccheus: The moment the meaning and the message of Jesus gets to his heart his former life is shattered to bits; not one particle of the old foundation remains. He is a man reborn, remade, and he views his old way of living with abhorrence. So it was with every one of the converts made by Jesus. In each case it was as if a charge of spiritual dynamite had been injected into them scattering to the winds their old views and conceptions of life.

"Preaching," said a rough old sailor to a preacher in a Boston mission, "preaching is taking something red hot out of your heart and shoving it into mine." Yes, that is the idea exactly. Jesus changed men; he affected them profoundly; he set them in motion; he created in them a desire to transform others even as they had been transformed. From the moment of their contact with him they were evangelists, red-hot missionaries, radicals, revolutionaries, men and women out to turn society upside-down.

Some of us would wish to forget this tremendous fact about early Christianity. Ours is not that brand of religion. Those of us who shudder and tremble at the very word "radical" like to think of our religion as a mild soporific that can be administered skillfully by a wise and cautious preacher from his pulpit every Sunday. Our Christianity—if we are of this backwater brand—is really not connected with mundane affairs at all; it is simply an opiate that lulls us contentedly to sleep in the world as it happily exists for us.

During the Great War men over in England talked of a "diluted Christianity." They realized that even a child could see a few of the glaring discrepancies between the teachings of Jesus and the practice of modern warfare and so they had the natural desire to camouflage, to dilute, to make innocuous the teachings of that terrible moral huntsman whom we call Jesus. (Is it not H. G. Wells who says somewhere that Jesus was like some terrible moral huntsman digging mankind out of the snug burrows in which they had hidden so long?)

Diluted Christianity, Christianity with the dynamite taken out of it, homeopathic Christianity for those who would still try to serve God and Mammon—is not this the popular demand today?

And yet one has but to go to the records of the New Testament to realize that these early Christians were the most dangerous radicals and agitators of their time. Paul was continually in hot water. He created an uproar wherever he went. His words lashed into fury a great majority of the people who listened to him. It was even more so with Jesus himself. The defenders of the status quo hated him so violently that within a few years of the beginning of his preaching mission he was hanging on a cross.

Those who were opposed to him saw the implications of his teaching even more clearly than did his disciples at first. His enemies realized that if he were to have his way their whole world of pride and precedence, of privilege and plunder would come tumbling down about their ears. They felt that there could be no compromise between themselves and him. If his Kingdom should be brought about then they saw the end of all their easy and comfortable world.

The Jews executed Jesus because he was a dis-

ruptive force in their national life. He was out to create an entirely new order of society which they dreaded with an awful dread. One writer has said wisely that sometimes we can see clearly into the hearts of those whom we hate. The Jews who hated Jesus so much and whom he lashed to fury in some of the most biting words in recorded history saw clearly the revolutionary that he was and they slew him.

Archbishop Laud felt this same way about the Separatists or Independents. If these men apply the same principles that they have in their religious assemblies in the world at large, he said, they would become a serious menace to the peace of the realm. Just so, Christianity, logically applied and sincerely believed in, is a disruptive force in society as we know it.

The very first account that we possess of Christian activity in Rome shows that the early Christians were enthusiastic exponents of social justice. Tacitus in his "Annals" tells us that in the days of Nero, Pedanius Secundus the Prefect was murdered by a much-wronged slave. Because of this murder the whole of his immense household were legally condemned to death. But such a tumult arose among the Christians that the matter was hotly debated in the Senate. The Senate upheld the law and insisted that the household of Pedanius Secundus be put to death according to custom. There were riots and Nero ordered out the troops to enforce the bloody law. The rioters were quelled and we read that "an immense number of Christians were put to death." Their crime was that they had bred sympathy for the slaves and caused a riot in consequence.

One reads this account of early Christian activity and is reminded that in our day and generation it is generally "reds" or communists who are the cause of such tumult and the calling out of troops to maintain law and order.

It is manifest that there were no class distinctions among the early Christians and that all who joined the new religion were treated as brothers and sisters irrespective of class or color or nationality. Pliny has a letter to Trajan in which he takes notice of the fact that the Christians met early in the morning, sang hymns to Christ and vowed the holy life. But the fact that seemed to Pliny of supreme importance was that these Christians sat at one table without any class distinctions.

There can be no doubt that the active sympathy of the early Christians in Rome and the Empire was with the downtrodden and the oppressed. They did not scruple from showing sympathy and rendering active assistance to those who suffered under tyranny and injustice. Justin Martyr, Policarp, and many others among the early Christian martyrs were executed under an old Roman law against Heteriae or unions. This law was passed because of the growing disaffection among the lower classes and the formation of what would now be called unions. It was Diocletian's boast that he wiped out Christians who were overthrowing the Republic.

Disruptive Christianity! What are we modern Christians out to disrupt and overthrow? Surely we are to do our best to disrupt and shatter all the forces and agencies in the world today that fetter or hold in thrall the bodies and minds of men. At any moment now the grim spectre of War may reach out its hand and drag to their doom not only the best and brightest of our sons but pull down what remains of our civilization. There can be no doubt about the matter at all. In this matter of war there can be no neutrals; either the Christian Church will destroy war and pull up the roots of war or war will destroy the Christian Church as far as this civilization is concerned. Maybe a remnant will remain who will build up a new church in a new age.

Disruptive Christianity! Who can look at our social order just now and think that it can or will or ought to survive? Who among us is clever enough, or ingenious enough to tinker with this over-complicated machine so that it may be allowed to run a few generations longer? It is ours as Christian men and women to think out a simpler and saner and more Christlike way of living *and begin to live it* even though it may mean to begin with the scrapping of a great part of our machine age. Maybe the Christian Church will have to withdraw in a body from society as it is now constituted before that society topples down upon our ears.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that we who call ourselves modernists and are still Christians will have to beat out for ourselves a red hot application of the Christ message to this modern age. What is going to be the social gospel of the undivided church during the next twenty-five years? Upon the answer to that, it seems to me, rests the fate of Protestant Christianity as we know it.

HARRY TAYLOR*

*Minister at Congregational Church, Pittsfield, N. H.

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### Seers

They treked from the East, a feeble band,
To find a city where right should prevail;
But misfortune followed from land to land
While the vision urged them not to fail.

In all their roving they searched for gold,
And stores of wealth have been their gain
With jewels of wisdom manifold
And treasures of beauty garnered from pain.

The Angel of Confidence taught them to sing
As they tediously scaled the heights of woe,
And down through the ages their harmonies ring;
Unmindful of blessing good cheer they bestow.

Some have forgotten the ultimate goal,
To find a city where right shall prevail,
But the fate of the world is involved in that role,
The dream of a few; it must not fail!

ANNE REILEY NESOM.

### Prosperity

All hail the modern world's economy!
The more our sirens screech on plain and sea,
The more our chimneys shower smoke and night,
The more we revel in prosperity.

The more we hack our tall green forests down,
The more we leave fair landscapes gashed and brown,
The more we poison streams with factory scum,
The more a clinking pleasure fills the town.

The more our furnace-vassals mope and plod
And moiling myriads stoop to belt and rod,
The more men groan in cavern, cage and shop,
The more we profit—and give thanks to God!

All hail the modern world's economy!
The more the sweat and fumes and clamor be,
The more the ravaged hills, the dust and sighs,
The more we revel in prosperity!

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

# The Wickedest Man Alive

## Who Is He, and Why?

It is pretty serious to describe any man as the wickedest among his fellows. How would such a man have to qualify for such a post?

In the first place, he would have to be doing something so cruel and destructive as to be incredible—some deed so dark as to enshroud his life, and so deadly as to wreck the happiness and imperil the safety of mankind.

In the second place, he would be doing this deed with full knowledge of its meaning and intent. He would be acting, in other words, consciously, knowingly, deliberately, with malice aforethought.

In the third place, he would be carrying on his work with every accompanying circumstance of evil. He would be seeking his ends by methods unscrupulous, deceitful, hypocritical and wrong.

In the fourth place, he would be going on with his malevolence month after month, year after year, as a continuing course of action. Not infrequently the deeds of sudden impulse, particularly of a violent nature, are more terrible than any others, but they are seldom so wicked as those which persist through a long period of time as a settled policy.

Lastly, he would be acting upon motives purely selfish. He would be doing whatever he is doing for undisguised purposes of profit and advantage.

The wickedest man alive, in other words, would have to be a man who is deliberately and wantonly guilty of some monstrous iniquity persistently practiced upon mankind for the sake of personal gain. Such men have not been unknown in the past, although they are not always the men we might imagine. Torquemada, for example, bears one of the most dreadful names in history, but he cannot be regarded as among the wickedest of men, since he acted not selfishly but upon motives which he sincerely identified with what he thought to be the will of God. Benedict Arnold has left behind him the most shameful name in the history of America, but he was a gallant soldier guilty of one terrible offense which he repented to the end of his unhappy days. Judas is the symbol of all sin, yet he hanged himself when he discovered what he had done. But there have been men so cruel in their calculated evil, over so long a period of time, so directly for their own personal advantage, as to rank among the wickedest of their own or any age. I think of rulers like the Roman Emperor, Caligula, the Russian Tsar, Ivan the Terrible, the Turkish sultan, Abdul Hamid, who won the unforgettable title of "Abdul the Damned." I recall military conquerors like Attila, the Hun, and the Duke of Alva, the Spanish governor of the Netherlands. I remember statesmen like Machiavelli, and Metternich, and Pobedonostzeff. I cannot forget one infamous character of our own day —King Leopold of Belgium, whose practices in the rubber areas of the Belgian Congo shocked the conscience of mankind before the War. These are a few of the wickedest men of whom history has knowledge. But are there any such men alive today? Is there any man who is worthy of such dreadful company? Can I name one who may justly be described as the wickedest man in our contemporary world?

I

I think I know of such a man, and I propose to submit him to your judgment. He is very old now—described by one authority as "a doddering octogenarian, sitting in a wheel chair, awaiting death." He is a man of mystery, yet has wielded influences which have shaken nations as the wind shakes the leaves upon a tree. His name is practically unknown to the great majority of mankind, yet he has been the friend of all statesmen and most of the kings of his day. He is not so rich as he used to be, but he is still the richest man in Europe, and may be the richest man in the world. He has been decorated by governments and honored by universities—he is a Knight of the Bath, Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, holder of the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire, and of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor—acclaimed by everybody except the people. When he dies, next week, or next month, or next year, his name will travel the cables of the world, and leap to the front page of every newspaper; and men will wonder who he is, and then forget that he ever was. But posterity will remember him as the wickedest man of his time, and marvel that two generations could let him live.

This man was born in 1849—eighty-five years ago—the child of a Greek family named Zacharias, living in a little village in Anatolia. The boy's name was Basileios—Basileios Zacharias, later changed into the Russian form of Basil Zaharoff.

This poor little Greek boy, of peasant parentage, began his career as a money-changer in the bazaars of Constantinople, a fact which may or may not have a Biblical significance. He gained here not only the meagre beginnings of his enormous fortune, but also an acquaintanceship with all the languages of Europe, especially the myriad tongues of the Balkan and Levantine areas, for Constantinople was a capital of the world, and its markets a clearing house of all races and nationalities. But the boy was ambitious as well as energetic, and was soon engaged with an uncle in an importing business, the details of which he learned so rapidly that his uncle made him a partner in the firm. It was in this connection that there appeared the first of that long series of scandals which Zaharoff has trailed along with him throughout his career as other men trail not scandals but "clouds of glory."

There is mystery about this episode, as there is about every other episode in the life story of this extraordinary Greek. But the fact seems to be that Zaharoff suddenly left Constantinople for England, with a sum of money extracted from the cash drawer of his uncle's firm. Arrested in London and haled into court on complaint of his relative, he insisted that as partner he was entitled to a share of the profits which had been due him when he went away, and that therefore he had taken money which was legally his own. Just where the truth lies, nobody knows, but it is a matter of record that the young Greek was acquitted. In Con-

stantinople, however, where Zaharoff was known in the money-booths and the cafes, the verdict of the London court was not accepted, and to this day it is believed that the richest man in Europe took his first step on the ladder of wealth and power with the assistance of stolen money.

From London he went to Athens, and here began that lucrative acquaintanceship with politicians which has been so conspicuous a feature of his career. Against the complaints of a Greek society which regarded him as a thief, Zaharoff needed some adequate protection, and this he obtained from a certain Etienne Skuludis, later on a powerful leader in Greek politics, who in due course obtained for him his first position in that business which Zaharoff made his own, as John D. Rockefeller made the oil business his own. On the recommendation of Skuludis, in other words, Basil Zaharoff was made the Athens agent of the Anglo-Swedish firm of Nordenfeldt, manufacturers of arms and ammunition.

Now began a career which is not unlike a story from the Arabian Nights—as dark, as mysterious, as dramatic, and as terrible. The Turko-Russian War of 1875-78 had just ended. Greece, with no adequate military equipment during this conflict, had been seriously threatened; and, what was worse, had obtained none of the spoils when the peace treaty was signed. So Greece resolved to be a great power, to be ready for the next war; and increased her military appropriations to the sum of 16,000,000 francs out of a total budget of 20,000,000. And Zaharoff was right at hand, as the sales-agent of Nordenfeldt, to provide the arms so desperately needed. Other Balkan states were equally feverish for arms, and Zaharoff was as ready to sell his goods to Turkey and Bulgaria and Serbia as to his own native country. So, trade was brisk, as the arming of one country was an immediate incentive to the arming of all the rest, and Zaharoff did business with them all. The story of the first submarine is illuminating.

It seems that it was the firm of Nordenfeldt which produced the first practical submarine for general sale. Zaharoff, a loyal Greek, took this newest wonder of the world to the ministers of his own country, and thus had the honor of selling the first submarine to his native land. "He was a staunch Greek patriot," says his biographer, "and he took great satisfaction in this deal." But business is business! Just across the narrow sea was Turkey, the dreaded enemy of Greece, with a much more capacious treasury than her little neighbor. No sooner had Zaharoff sold his one submarine to Athens than he went to Constantinople, and said, "See here! Do you know what Greece has done? She has bought a submarine. Now, if you want to be safe, you ought to buy at least two submarines." And Turkey bought two—of Basil Zaharoff as the selling-agent! And so the merry game was on. As his biographer remarks again, "If Greece, Rumania, Russia, or any other benevolent neighbor of Turkey should express a wish to enlarge their stock of ships by a submarine, the firm of Nordenfeldt and its agent Zaharoff were always at their service."

So successful was this Greek salesman of arms that in a few years he was given all Europe for his field. How business hummed! Preparedness was everywhere the slogan of the hour. Nobody could compete with Zaharoff, who was able to place at the disposal of his customers a "new base fuse, an eccentric screw breach, a mechanical time fuse, a quick-firing gun for light artillery, and . . . the submarine." Nobody, that is, except an American, Hiram Maxim, who suddenly appeared in Europe without warning, to sell his famous machine-gun! Here was a formidable rival—but Zaharoff knew how to meet and overcome him. First, he used his wily salesmanship, his far flung acquaintanceship with soldiers and politicians, his very real reputation for expert knowledge of his wares, to block the sale of Maxim's gun as an impracticable and dangerous toy. Then, at just the strategic moment, when Maxim had failed to sell the gun to Austria after a magnificent exhibition of its efficiency, Zaharoff offered to receive the inventor into joint partnership with Nordenfeldt for the exploitation of the new weapon, and Maxim agreed. With the machine-gun now firmly in his control, Zaharoff swept over Europe and Asia like a whirlwind, everywhere selling such quantities that in 1897 the Maxim-Nordenfeldt firm was bought outright by the great Vickers of England, for some $6,000,000, an enormous sum in those days before the War.

II.

Basil Zaharoff, less than fifty years of age, was now established as a power in armament affairs, hence in Great Britain's affairs and hence also in world affairs. From this time on, his career becomes lost, as it were, in the story of the vast armament ring which he did more than anybody else to create and maintain as the center of all decisive influence in the game of war and peace. If we are in the hands of the armament manufacturers at this moment, it is Sir Basil Zaharoff who has ensnared us like flies in the encircling web of the black spider.

Ordinarily, we think of these armament manufacturers as so many different corporations located in so many different countries—Bethlehem Steel in the United States, Vickers-Armstrong in England, Schneider-Creusot in France, Krupp in Germany, Skoda in Czecho-Slovakia, Bofors in Sweden. In spite of the deadly character of the weapons and materials in which they deal, we might have some respect for these firms if they patriotically served the interests of their own nations in the business of war, which is dreadful but may still not irrationally be regarded as unavoidable. But these armament manufacturers do not limit themselves to the national interests at home. Linked through their interlocking directorates and mutual investments into an international alliance which might well serve as a model for the League of Nations, they do business with a truly Olympian disregard of territories and frontiers. Wherever there is a buyer, they will sell. Wherever there is a government that wants arms, they will supply. What interests these arms are going to serve, what countries they are going to ravage, what sodiers they are going to kill—all these are matters of no concern in the eyes of manufacturers who have goods to sell and profits to make. As Theodore Roosevelt's spear in the old days "knew no brother,"

so the bids of these armament firms today know no enemy. The stories of their activities are incredible, yet they are true. We had them recorded years ago in Mr. Brailsford's famous and authoritative volume, "The War of Steel and Gold," and in Philip Snowden's sensational speeches in the British House of Commons. We have them recorded today in the sources from which I have gathered the material, in some cases word for word, for this article—the English pamphlet, "Patriotism, Ltd.," the elaborate article in the March issue of the magazine *Fortune,* and the new book by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Harrighen, published by Dodd, Mead and Co., entitled "Merchants of Death." Let me list here a few of the undisputed facts:

In the Spanish-American War, American soldiers were killed in Cuba by guns and bullets sold to Spain, to the tune of $25,000,000, by an English firm in which Hiram Maxim, an American, was a leading shareholder.

In the Boer War, English soldiers were shot on the South African veldts by guns and ammunition manufactured by Vickers in England and sold to the Boers by Zaharoff.

In the Russo-Japanese War, the English firm of Vickers sold as much war material to Russia as to Japan, who was England's ally.

The German firm of Krupp was busy arming Russia for years before the Great War, and therefore supplied a large proportion of the weapons which destroyed German armies on the Eastern Front in 1914-1918.

The French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot has from the beginning been one of the chief supporters of Adolf Hitler, and is today filling his orders for arms and ammunition.

The directors of the English firm of Vickers-Armstrong, meeting in London two weeks ago, were asked by an indignant stockholder to give assurance that weapons were not being sold to re-arm Germany and Austria. They answered through Sir Herbert Lawrence, the chairman of the Company, that they would not do so.

But it is the stories of what went on during the Great War that are most incredible. I must ask you to believe that what I am now saying is copied from unquestionable sources. Thus—

Throughout the War, Germany was in dire need of glycerine, nickel, aluminum, copper, oil, and rubber, for her munitions of war. These materials which could not be obtained elsewhere, were supplied in a steady stream for four years by English and French armament manufacturers. In 1915, for example, England exported to Sweden twice as much nickel as in the two previous years put together, which was duly trans-shipped to Germany. It is the official statement of Rear Admiral Cousett, of the English Navy, that had the English blockade against this material been effective, Germany could have been beaten in 1916.

Throughout the War, France was in dire need of iron and steel. While German submarines were destroying transatlantic vessels carrying these materials to France, Germany's heavy industries were sending into France all the steel and iron she could use. At the height of the conflict German industrials shipped into France, through Switzerland, no less than 150,000 tons of scrap iron a month, all of which was used to kill German soldiers in Flanders.

Early in the War, the great iron mines and smelters in the Briey basin, France, were captured by German armies. This basin supplied Germany with seventy-five per cent of all the ore she used in her military operations. In 1916, the French advance brought the basin within the range of the artillery of the French Second Army. Every day this area was turning out hundreds of tons of raw material, every pound of which was being used to kill Allied soldiers. But never once was it fired upon! After the War, Deputy Flandin, later Finance Minister under Tardieu, stated that he, an artillery officer at the front, knew of his own direct personal knowledge that the French high command had been forbidden to bombard the Briey basin. Why? Because, says this distinguished Frenchman, it was well known that, if this were done, Germany, in reprisal, would attack and destroy the French armament base at Dombasle in Meurthe-et-Moselle, between the Argonne and Verdun. Had both of these places been wiped out, the war would have ended. So would the profits. And so, by tacit agreement between France and Germany, these places were not destroyed, not even damaged. The war, in other words, went on. And so did the profits!

This is the work of the international armament ring, which knows no enemies, play no favorites, protects no friends. Its work is as active today as it ever was. "Without a shadow of doubt," says *Fortune,* not a radical publication, but an exclusive commercial magazine which sells for a dollar a copy, "there is at this moment in Europe a huge and subversive force that lies behind the arming and counter-arming of nations; there are mines, smelters, armament works, holding companies, and banks, entangled in an international embrace, yet working inevitably for the destruction of such little internationalism as the world has achieved so far." This "force," or organization, stops at nothing. It spreads abroad the insidious propaganda of suspicion and hatred between nations, that frightened governments may buy arms. It engineers vast preparedness campaigns, and lobbies for unlimited preparedness legislation, that armies and navies may always and everywhere be increased. It wrecks disarmament conferences that there may be no danger of a decline in the sales and profits of arms. It talks about war, and foments war, and starts war, that the demand for guns and tanks and bombs may know no end. It keeps wars going after they have been started, discouraging all talk and distracting all efforts on behalf of peace, that prosperity may continue, for those at least who supply the means of killing men. Did Zaharoff want the World War to stop? At its height it was costing the lives of 250,000 men a month, 62,000 a week, 900 a day. Three hundred and seventy-five men were being shot, or bayonetted or gassed every hour, six men every minute that ticked upon the clock. There was a good chance of ending the war early in 1917, through the intervention of the United States. It would seem as though not a minute were to be lost. Why let even six men be

killed unnecessarily? But Zaharoff, moving daily among the princes and premiers of the belligerent powers, did not agree. In the famous Diary of Lord Bertie, British Ambassador to France, it is carefully recorded that "Zaharoff is all for continuing the war *jusqu'au bout* (to the bitter end)."

III.

Now, it is this Sir Basil Zaharoff who has been from the beginning the central genius of this whole vast conspiracy of arms. It was he who built the armament coalition, he who sold its goods, he who provided its market, he who made its largest profits. From the beginning of the century to the years following the Great War, he moved from capital to capital, visiting chancellories and courts, weaving his way into the offices of finance and war ministers, insinuating himself into the directorates of foreign armament firms, and "always emerging with handsome orders." He was never seen conspicuously in public; he did not figure in the news of the day. His name appeared in the newspapers only in connection with occasional scandals—a personal scandal like his intrigue with the mistress of a Russian grand-duke and his own mistress, the wife of the Duke of Villafranca, a political scandal like his entanglement with the Marconi securities in Great Britain, an international scandal like the famous Turpin affair which led France close to the brink of conflict with Great Britain. During the World War, he moved on heights of power and glory denied even to emperors and kings, and made a fortune so enormous as to outshine the legend of Croesus and the reality of Rockefeller. After the War, he sat at the right hand of Lloyd George at Versailles and in London, helping to make a peace which would be good and not bad for his business. It was only when his intimate contacts with the British Prime Minister were discovered, in 1922, that he and Lloyd George tumbled together in common ruin, and disappeared into permanent obscurity. Today, in the eclipse of his old age, he remains incredibly wealthy, and looks out with darkened and yet lustful eyes upon a world that is still his own. How he must chuckle, in contempt of the people, as he sees a next war bringing fresh and final triumph to his years!

Sir Basil Zaharoff is the wickedest man alive. Does he not meet in every particular the tests which I have imposed? Is there any to match him in content and degree of infamy? Fit him to the five standards of perfect evil which I have named, and see what happens:

He has given his life to an industry so vile and cruel, so fatal to the happiness and welfare of humankind, as to surpass the iniquity of the inquisition, the slave trade, and the pogroms of the Jews.

He has given his life to this merchandise of death with full and intimate knowledge of its meaning. No man better than this "super-salesman" of the instruments of wholesale murder understands the significance of his deeds. As he is an expert in the mechanism of a machine-gun and a tank, so is he similarly an expert in the use and purpose of such weapons.

He has carried on his work with every accompanying circumstance of villainy and dishonor. He has lied, and cheated, and deceived, and robbed. His methods are as unscrupulous as his aim is evil.

He has continued his work persistently, unremittingly, feverishly, through many years. It is now more than a half-century since he began his business of selling arms, and he has pursued it as a hound pursues a fox, with fiendish patience and ingenuity.

And lastly, in all his labors, at home and abroad, in days of peace as in days of war, his motive has been profit. Money has been his object, money his delight, money his reward. How many kings have been dethroned, how many nations ruined, how many homes destroyed, how many millions of men killed, that this monster of iniquity might feed fat!

These are the conditions of all infamy. This man meets them every one. The wickedest man alive! The Great War is his monument, its blood his glory, its corpses his hecatomb. His very success is the final seal upon his greatness. Yet I doubt if Sir Basil is content. He wants still something that he has not won. His endowment of the *Prix Balzac,* a distinguished French literary award bestowed each year upon the author of a meritorious novel, and his munificent charities during the War, are evidence of some unappeased hunger in his heart. We shall see it, I have no doubt, when Zaharoff comes to die. For when the mourning is ended and the praise is silenced, shall we not find that he has followed the illustrious example of his compeer, Alfred Nobel? This famous Swede, you will remember, was a manufacturer of dynamite—that black and gritty powder which has blown to bits more men upon the field of battle than there are brains to count them. Nobel did a good job during his life—his dynamite was deadly. And after his death, he established his Nobel Prize, that his name might forever be associated not with war but with peace. Zaharoff, I venture to guess, will do the same. His millions also will undoubtedly be left to endow some foundation, or institution, or prize, for the uplift of mankind. For, wicked as he is, this man, like other men, would win fame and approbation, and therewith in the end escape that doom of death which he has cast upon the world. Thus does evil pay tribute to good, and Satan bow before the throne of God!

IV

I have answered now my question—the wickedest man alive, who he is, and why. But I must add yet one final word. For Zaharoff, while he is the wickedest of men, is still not alone in his wickedness. What he has done, others would have done, had he not been born, or had turned to better things. Not so diabolically, perhaps, but as definitely and surely! Indeed, what he has done others *have* done. He was not the first to manufacture arms—he began his career as a salesman for other men. Nor, in his years of triumph, has he lacked associates, partners, and conspirators. If he has led, others have followed, and with him have greatly profited—Schwab and Dupont in America, Thomas E. Vickers in England, Eugene Schneider in France, four generations of Krupps in Germany. And behind these armament-makers have stood, rank on rank, great public leaders of the nations

who have held up their hands and shared their gains—as in England, for example, the stockholders of Vickers-Armstrong, who have included, or include, the late Sir Arthur Balfour, Sir John Simon, His Majesty's Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Austin Chamberlain, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1925, Lord Kinnaird, President of the Y. M. C. A., Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, and three bishops of the Established Church. Said Philip Snowden, in the House of Commons in 1914, "It would be impossible to throw a stone at the benches opposite, without hitting a member who is a shareholder in one or another of these (armament) firms."

These are the associates of Sir Basil. And behind these in turn are the millions of the unknown but all-powerful public—men and women, citizens of all countries and members of all churches, who believe in armaments, and vote for armaments, and oppose or are at best indifferent to disarmament! If Zaharoff is wicked, there are others; if he is first upon the roll of infamy, he leads a goodly company. He sells, we buy; he fills orders which we have placed. Nor can we save ourselves by laying upon this man, as upon a scape-goat, the black burden of our sin. *We* are the offenders—this age, this civilization, these nations—and Zaharoff, at his worst, but the agent of our offending. For he has done *our* work, expressed *our* will, pursued *our* policies, sustained and equipped *our* wars. *Nostra culpa, nostra culpa!*

If there were such a thing as an international crime, and capital punishment for such crime, Sir Basil Zaharoff should have been executed long since. But there is no such punishment, as there is no such crime. And if there were, it would be as unjust abroad as it is at home, since no murderer is the sole perpetrator of his sin. Rather is he the incarnation only of the worst within ourselves—the product of our lives made manifest. Therefore, if we would destroy evil, we must go deeper than denunciation and punishment of any criminal. Wickedness is the fruit of the tree—and we must lay our axe at the root of the tree. In Zaharoff's case, this is simple. Three things we must do if we would destroy this evil, and save our world before it is too late:

First, we must end the private manufacture of arms, and the traffic for profit in these arms. If guns and tanks and bombs and ammunition must be made, then let it be by the government—at its own expense, as its own business.

Secondly, we must end armaments, and therefore the need of the manufacture of arms. The serpent's head may be bruised, but never crushed until total, universal, and immediate disarmament has been achieved.

Lastly, we must end war, and therefore the need of armaments. Not until war is outlawed as a crime by the law of nations, and as a sin by the conscience of mankind, will our problem at last be solved.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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# James Philip, Iowa County Pioneer, Dies

James Philip, long time resident of Iowa County, died at Dexter, Michigan, June 18, and was buried at the Lloyd Jones family chapel at Hillside on June 20, 1934. Mr. Philip was born in Turriff, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on November 27, 1846, the oldest of the eight children of Alexander and Elsie MacWilliam Philip. The family emigrated from Aberdeen for Canada on April 15, 1855, reaching Quebec seven weeks later. By smaller boat they continued westward to Hamilton, Ontario, and settled on a farm near Arthur.

Leaving his family in Canada, he came to the United States in his twenty-first year, arriving in Dodgeville in September, 1866, whence he found his way to the Hillside Valley wherein was to be his home for the next forty-five years and whither his father and mother and most of their children later followed him.

In Hillside he married August 29, 1870, Mary Lloyd Jones. Three children were born to them, Elsie Mary, Anna Nell and Margaret Lloyd. The first two daughters survive him, as do a grandson, Philip Lewis, son of Margaret Lloyd, and a great-grandchild, son of Philip Lewis. Since 1912 Mr. Philip had lived with his daughter in Detroit, Michigan.

"Uncle Philip," as he was known to the dozens of nieces and nephews of the Lloyd Jones and Philip families, to the young people of the Hillside Home School and to the surrounding countryside, won his way to a place of high esteem in the hearts of all during his almost a half century of life in the "Hillside Valley." Staunch in support of principle, a keen student of current affairs, kindly in spirit and tolerant in his judgment of others, he became the sort of patriarch whose counsel is sought by persons far beyond the boundaries of the ties of blood. He was as closely bound to the brothers and sisters and to the nephews and nieces of the family with which he was connected by marriage as to those who shared his own sturdy Scotch ancestry.

Love of growing things, whether human or of lesser sort, was characteristic of him. His Hilltop home was a favorite meeting place for young people. He took joy in moulding its spiritual as well as its physical landscape.

His trees and flowers were an institution of the community. Roses were one of his great enthusiasms and visits to his rose garden were one of the high points in the summer life of the community of which he had made himself so much a part.

The passing of James Philip marks the span of a long life—he was in his eighty-eighth year—but it shows also how large a part of the history of our country may fall within the life of a single individual and how greatly the generation to which he belonged has contributed to turn our land from a wilderness into a country with the infinite possibilities for contributing to human welfare which it now possesses. When James Philip was born Wisconsin was still a territory with its population chiefly along the lake shore and its southern fringe, especially in the regions of Milwaukee, Dodgeville and the Mississippi River towns. Steamboats were rapidly developing the trade to the upper Mississippi, railroads were just beginning to appear west of the Alleghanies. Arriving in the United States as a young man he found it just emerging from the

Civil War with far the greater part of Wisconsin still "public land." The population of the nation was some 31 million.

At his death Wisconsin is a commonwealth of 3 million souls—the nation has 125,000,000 inhabitants. Few if any have had the privilege of witnessing such great transformations in the life of the world as came to the lot of James Philip and none of his generation contributed more loyally in the silent building in of the sterling qualities of character which in all communities are the foundations of a better life.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

### Broadcast

Across wide regions of the storm-swept night
An orchestra's rich music filled my room.
Amazed, I laid my hand against the wood
Whose panel hid transmission of the sound,
And by what miracle of space annulled
I felt the viols vibrate to my palm!
Upon the drums' and cellos' very shapes,
And tremors of the brasses, seemed to lie
The hand thrilled by their bold sonorities.
Then as the flutes and violins enwound
Their gentler themes, it was as though I touched
The quivering throats of sweetly singing birds.

So distance abdicates its agelong reign
That held the world from destined unity.
If myths of "far" and "near" already yield
To this one throb of spaceless harmony
That joins all listening ears and outstretched hands,
What warring hates and jealousies at last
Can hold from peace and love men's longing hearts?

ELIOT WHITE.

### War

The children screamed and fled across the street
Shoving me rudely in their frantic haste;
I turned in anger to expostulate
And saw him standing in his utter waste.

He begged for alms who had no arms to hold
The dirty placard pinned upon his breast;
It asked for help; he had no lips to plead
Nor ears to hear; he stood the cannon's test.

All that was left, he dragged from day to day
Around the city, and the people fled.
"They should not let him out upon the street,
He is too horrible to see," they said.

He passed in silence, shunned by everyone,
He went to war, he heard his country's call,
A man in God's own image, shorn of grace,
Now moves upon the road, a living pall.

FREDA HAMMERS.

## The Study Table

### Three Evenings

To humanize as well as to give the appearance of organization to abstract subject matter by resorting to the ancient method of fictitious dialogue is hardly excusable in these times when writers, and especially writers of Embree's ability, have other more effective literary devices for accomplishing the same ends. Nevertheless, those unfamiliar with the myriad theoretical proposals for bringing the "same order into the world of politics and economics and social relations as we have in the worlds of steam and electricity" will find his unusually lucid exposition of Freudian psychological order and his succinct instrumental-abstraction analysis of social order worth the reading. Freshmen orientation courses should not overlook the book.*

The first of the three evenings of conversation between specialists in the social sciences, held in the Drake hotel, is merely "about it and about." Evening second gets down to those brass tacks of mental debilities and mental disorders which make life a hell for an astoundingly large proportion of the peoples of any country. The conclusion is that morons may be made into tradesmen, the insane may be released from intolerable confinement in asylums and permitted to live in private homes, while the normal mind may be brightened tremendously by more general understanding of the behavior of the instinctive drives, especially of sex, and of the social necessities for their repression. Evening Three turns out to be a study in social organization, an elaboration on the development of invaluable social abstractions from social tools—from primitive picture writing comes mechanical drawing, design, writing. From the abacus comes the indispensable Arabic number system. Social organization today has broken down chiefly because the abstractions of finance are as inadequate to effect mass production distribution as are the five thousand Chinese characters inadequate for handling the correspondence of the Standard Oil headquarters in Shanghai.

Social breakdown spells repression which means mental breakdown. Social reformation will come from those whose minds are open to fresh knowledge and from those who do the research on personal and social problems. Then, given a new social organization, new abstract tools to facilitate economic exchange, man can give himself more fully to the art of love, learn to use his instincts for "joys and satisfactions," and heaven will be near at hand.

By way of benediction the book closes with all of the interlocutors sitting in naive silence, "each of us turned over in his mind the manifold ways in which he failed to be a full human being. . ." Dismissing the previous 180 pages of hard-headed Freudian and sociological prospecting for heaven, reminding himself that "the good life is not something that can be supplied ready-made" Embree reverently let fall from his lips the closing words of his book, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

R. LESTER MONDALE.

*"Prospecting for Heaven," by Edwin R. Embree. Macmillan Co.

### Prince Reactionary

In these days of sail-trimming before triumphant Radicalism, it is with a certain undeniable relief that one turns back to consider the Archetype of all *honest* Conservatism: Metternich,* Prince Reactionary, whose career (as imaged by Algernon Cecil) may help us while away an idle hour amongst the silks and perfumes of the Old Regime. But that it can be no more than a "looking backwards," with the resultant pleasure arising from nostalgia of the distant, must be accepted at outset—nor can we expect to derive principles of future action from this aery wandering in a world grown legendary as Lyonnesse or Lemuria.

The lyrical drama (for it is precisely that) opens with an overture whose theme is Metternich and his times—in which the smiling lineaments of the great Chancellor look forth clearly and luminously from Mr. Cecil's melodious cadences. "To the drama, then":

*Metternich. By Algernon Cecil. Macmillan, $2.75.

Metternich's Rhineland youth and education; his *mariage de covenance;* his swift sure rise to supremacy within the Austrian empire; his long diplomatic duel with Napoleon and the Revolution (whom he met and vanquished at Dresden, and whose outstanding opponent he proved himself throughout a long life); his triumphs at Vienna, where his system of doctrinal despotism was erected upon a prostrate Europe; the gorgeous panoply accompanying the Congress; the vicissitudes of this regime, receiving its first rent at the conscienceless hands of Canning in 1820 and its last from the arrowed victories of triumphant Nationalism in 1870; then, as climax, the tempest of 1848, which shattered the cuningly-wrought creation, and sent the creator himself in headlong flight to England, where he passed tranquilly from a serene and seraphic sunset into an apotheosis of historical transfiguration.

Such are the first outlines of this tremendous spectacle—nor does their mere enumeration begin to do it justice. The vast unwieldy empire of Austria; the rising menace of an insolent Prussia; the impending presence of barbaric Russia under its fantastic Czar; England's stolid phalanxes of reserve—these forces, skillfully marshalled by Metternich, are pitted against the Janus-faced might of the Revolution, incarnate in Napoleon, as the curtain rises on Act One. A truly Wagnerian production (while the music accompanying is of equal proportions); and the pageant proceeds to trumpets and thunder: Ulm; Austerlitz; Jena; Friedland (and the fall of Prussia); Tilsit (and the defection of the Czar, now in the embraces of Bonaparte); Erfurt (and the weaving of Talleyrand's web, destined to undo the demoniacal dictator and work willy-nilly Metternich's will); a Spanish interlude, invoking the tangible specter of Wellington to haunt the Corsican usurper; Wagram, with the gift of a second Roman Maiden as offering to Attila; next a pause, and a couchant waiting for the inevitable; then Russia—and in snow, fire, and swords, the entire first act comes to curtain with the abdication of Napoleon.

An entre-act of the Hundred Days follows; after which the second, and immeasurably greater, installment of the drama proceeds. Opening with the Congress at Vienna (that Congress which "danse, mais ne marche pas") Act Two sees the slow rising of the fabric of Metternich, built upon the still-sultry embers of revolt, and, provoking some inner wrath by virtue of its very imponderability, destined to be consumed by them. A Bourbon restoration in both France and Spain; a united Netherlands; an amorphous German Confederation to repress an enlarged Prussia; Czarist Russia, enriched by Poland, Finland, and Bessarabia; Italy placed under double domination of the triple tiara and the eagles; a quiescent England—such were the warp and woof of Metternich's tapestried tower (the Old Regime *redivivus*), its chinks cunningly stoppered by minute concessions; its olden colors deepened and its wormholes carefully dyed over. Such was the result of his prestigitation; to its defence he devoted the remainder of his years. And the rest of the drama is consecrated to its confusion: the Carlsbad Decrees (Metternich's gesture of defence against student revolt rampant in the assassin of Kotzebue); the downfall and death of Castlereagh, whose overweening personality alone had sufficed to hold England to the "system" and whose exit sounded its knell; Spain and Naples aflame in 1820, barely repressed by a collaboration of Czar and Chancellor; the aggressive advent of Chateaubriand and Canning at Verona, hostile to Metternich and everything he stood for; Canning's recognition, for England, of South America revolted from Spain, proclaiming in more than clarion tones the break-up of Austria's "Concert of Powers"; Central Europe in arms in 1830, with the elevation of a Jacobin prince to the French throne, and the Liberal irruptions of Palmerston; a change of masters on the Hapsburg throne, prelude to the tempest—which, sweeping Europe in 1848 in a hurricane of thrones and crowns, carried on its wrack Prince Reactionary and the last shards of his social system.

This, in few, constitutes Mr. Cecil's achievement: but it is, after all, only a duo-skeletonical enumeration of its outstanding events. Its cast is like a roll-call of greatness from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, including, amongst others, Czar Alexander; Napoleon; emperors Francis and Ferdinand of Austria; Schwartzenberg; Nesselrode; Neippberg; Castlereagh; Canning; Wellington; Palmerston; Louis Philipe; Thiers; Guizot; Chateaubriand; Pius VII; Beethoven; Scott; Goethe; Ranke; Niebhar; Heine; Shelley; Mazzini; Napoleon III; Disraeli; Rothschild. At their head stands, in full-length, Metternich himself: by "his exterior grace, his excellence of tone, his perfection of attitude, and subtle knowledge of proprieties," incomparably master of them all. "His imperturbability, his prescience, his diplomatic dexterity," his delicate cynicism, united to strength and purity of soul, all combine to achieve his domination of the spectacle, of which he is at once both cause and outcome.

And, recognize as we may the imperfections of his system, whose name is legion, the richness and old-world charm with which our dramatist has surrounded him, tingeing everything with a poetic splendor, prove absolutely infectious—so much so, in fact, that, if one cannot accept prima facie the flattering verdict of the biographer, one is constrained to concede Prince Metternich, lord of Eros as of Demos, to have been the very finest flower of Conservatism's grand manner, and the "only true begetter" of all that is noblest in the movement today.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

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### A Life of Lenin

There is next to nothing in the way of biographies in English of Lenin. One good one did appear, a few years back, from the pen of the scholarly D. S. Mirsky, then there's another by Lenin's widow. So that, the present volume* ought to receive a most cordial welcome. Its author, an Englishman, was able to carry on his literary investigations at Moscow, after the manner of the American, Sidney Hook. But where the latter concentrated on Lenin's philosophy, etc., Ralph Fox studied his personal history. Fox had ample material to work with, having had access to Lenin's correspondence, his addresses, his books and state archives. For, it may be noted, the author was for three years an active member of the Russian (Stalinist) Communist Party.

The story is carried down to 1924, the year in which the Russian Titan prematurely passed away. However, the thoroughgoing narration of facts comes to a close at the beginning of 1918, right after the October Revolution. The many historic events of the succeeding half dozen years, the author merely sketches

*"Lenin." A Biography by Ralph Fox. Published by Harcourt Brace & Co.; $2. New York.

in—a considerable accomplishment, none the less. And now a few of the less familiar facts, that are part of the author's fare!

It is not without significance that the boy Vladimir had for a father the kind of Russian—a not infrequent phenomenon—whose intellectualism had led him to a progressive point of view, that of liberalism. The sixteen-year-old high-school youth evidenced the family intelligence when of himself he cut short his pet study of Classical Latin for "more important" studies.

The murder, by the State, of his beloved elder brother (who had reasoned his individual outlook and course of action from an inadequate liberalism to a selfless radicalism) made up the student's mind, and while classmates of his, in their social stupor, climbed toward the comfortable professions, such as teaching, Vladimir Ilyich took the immortal plunge, and embarked on the ascetic life of a Revolutionary. At Petrograd University, Vladimir, while still *in statu pupillari,* fraternized with the city's factory workers, saw industrial life at first hand, philosophized on the capitalistic evils, and stirred up hotbeds of sedition. Such was the self-made academic course of "the lover of men who loathed the hypocrisy and cruelty of the exploitation and torment of the many by the few." At the close of the century, he was uniting workers.

Imprisonment was his reward and exile to the Tsar's "Devil's Island," Siberia, his sentence. In such a seat of learning, together with Krupskaya his wife, he pushed ahead in his own conception of "graduate" studies. Through their works, he sat at the feet of the scientists, Marx and Engels, and the philosophers, Hegel and Schopenhauer. Escape to England followed, when, from London and other European cities, a peculiar genius of his—that of organization—expressed itself, and in 1898 he founded the Russian Social Democratic Party that was eventually to overthrow Tsarism: in the Marxian Second Internationale, he participated too, with zeal and fervor.

His existence was a precarious and most difficult one; as when their landlady threatened to report to the police that (as she suspected) Lenin and his wife were living together out of wedlock. At the time, he recorded the fact that "you can't separate emigrant life from scandal!" The year 1903 saw the division of the Party into the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks (a quarrel, the present writer is constrained to say, more apposite in its setting than the F. O. R. fissure.) At the outbreak of the "Dress Rehearsal" Revolution of 1905, with its apparent opportunity, it appeared for a time to the Master Revolutionary, that the hour had struck. But the unconscionable Tsar steadied the crown on his head, and throughout the next two years of tyrannical reaction and merciless oppression, Lenin hid within Russia, continuing his revolutionary labors, a hunted man and at moment's call, a fugitive from class-justice. Flight from one European capital to another, Prague, Zurich, Paris, London, with the world his country and the gallows waiting around the next corner—such was his particular life. As a dangerous and hunted revolutionist, emigre life (as he wrote to Gorki) was "a hundred times heavier than before the Revolution." Personal suffering—shared by his partner-wife—was his lot, frequently aggravated by ill-health. He used every ounce of energy and worked himself to such a point of exhaustion that when he came home "he flung himself full-dressed on the iron bedstead, and lay motionless for hours." One who watched, wrote, "he'll kill both Nadyusha and himself with that life."

In his cursory account of the man *after* the Bolshevik seizure of the state, Fox may make no sizeable contribution to history. But in his portrait of the man *up to* that time, he dilineates Lenin's personal characteristics and enigmatic personality most accurately. The divers qualities of ordinary mortals were his also: simplicity, as in the Stockholm passport incident; resourcefulness, as in his escape to Helsingfors; lover and loved, as when in his loneliness, he asked Krupskaya to appear each day outside his prison window; and his kindliness, as when he let go a youth who had come to assassinate him, the new Ruler of Russia. Friendliness was another of his traits, and from his knowledge of men and his discussions with them he achieved that enviable ability of explaining and clarifying the most perplexing issues in a simple and intelligible manner. He combined the paradoxical spiritual qualities of a highly tactful and strategic mind and of an iron and life-long conviction of right being on *his* side, and of his own key-role. (In *this,* like Hitler.) Yet truly, "in his whole nature, there was not a trace of false egoism." When he quarrelled with his associates he won them over by dint of his superior level-headedness; he did deep and profound thinking and from his lips and pen issued forth brilliant speeches and masterful writings. Then, too, there was his Marx-like indignation at society's inhumanity, and his stoical resignation to his own noble suffering. He was a man of letters and action, an ingenious planner and (seemingly) a utopian visionary. And throughout his consecrated life society blessed him with the hellish existence that is bedevilled by fear, ill-health and poverty.

The author is a complete admirer of his subject, and detects no human error in him. But he redresses the balance by his side-lights on other of the *dramatis personae.* Fox scorns "the fine, revolutionary phrases of the lawyer Kerensky . . . the pitiful, political charlatan." He has honeyed words for Stalin. On Trotsky he is unpardonably misleading: "his whole political life and outlook were colored by the outlook of those petty-bourgeois elements in Russia," which is preposterous. Fox even attempts to deny Trotsky his magnificent achievement of the Red Army, on one of whose victories, Lenin wrote his colleague Trotsky, "I am in rapture over your brilliant victory." (With regard to Trotsky, the author is crudely partisan, and as a Stalinist, writes in an *ex parte* spirit.) The author returns to his characteristic common sense writing when he flays "Kerensky and Miliukov (who) listened only to Buchanan and Paleologue," the ambassadors. Lenin was "one of the people . . . and he listened as much as he spoke. He listened to coal miners, soldiers, obscure Bolshevik agitators, fresh from contact with the factories or the ships of the Baltic Fleet."

Apart from the limitations noted, the author has done a splendid piece of work. He has collected a mass of facts and details hitherto inaccessible in English, and has given us the book whereby we may know his subject better. But he can by no means have full marks for his labor. For he has failed to write the definitive biography of his subject, just as he fails in appreciating Trotsky's greatness. Withal, he has given us an absorbing story of the man, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, "the noblest mind of the century."

N. Essell.

# Correspondence

## Robert Whitaker, Author "My Country"

Dr. Curtis W. Reese:

Answering your letter I will say that both the poems you sent me are mine. The facts are these: The longer version, published in full in The Christian Leader of June 9, 1934, was written Dec. 4, 1899, under circumstances stated on the accompanying leaflet. It has had wide circulation, and was, I am told, translated into German, by the Youth Movement of Europe, during the war, or just afterward. I have never seen the translation.

The poem published on your Order of Service, No. 5, was an adaptation of the original poem, which I wrote when I was in Seattle, in 1922-23, and was sung by our "Fellowship" to the tune of America. I lost track of it, for until lately I have been careless about retaining my verse. Later George W. Coleman of Boston sent me a calendar with the lines printed thereon, as you have them. Later yet I found it in a hymn-book in the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, marked anonymous. I doubt whether I would have troubled to establish the authorship of the lines, but as they commonly appear there is a mistake in the second line of the last verse, which ought to read "Since *ever* man has been," and not "Since *every* man has been." The Christian Leader some months ago published them, with the mistake indicated, and it was in consequence of this I sent them both poems, and called attention to the mistake, but instead of publishing my article they merely published the original poem. Both poems, for they are really distinct, are open to public use without any particular consent of mine, and I am not greatly concerned about the credit, so that the song helps to stress the great need of the hour, world citizenship. I hope someone will write a better song to this end.—**Robert Whitaker.**

**My Country**

My country is the world,
My flag with stars impearled,
Fills all the skies.
All the round earth I claim,
Peoples of every name;
And all inspiring fame,
My heart would prize.

Mine are all lands and seas,
All flowers, shrubs and trees,
All life's design.
My heart within me thrills,
For all uplifted hills,
And for all streams and rills;
The world is mine!

And all men are my kin,
Since ever man has been,
Blood of my blood.
I glory in the grace
And strength of every race,
And joy in every trace
Of Brotherhood.

—Robert Whitaker.

## The Field

(*Continued from page 182*)

their choice in big undertakings, guiding them in their ways and sustaining them in their labors. The church at large has lost the sense of the Spirit's presence, the dynamic of its control, and that is the main reason for her powerlessness and ineffectiveness in changing human lives. Living in the Pentecostal age we are strangers to the Pentecostal experience and power. The Oxford Group Movement with its insistence on the Spirit's guidance is a revival of this central element in the Christian religion and as such deserves well of the churches.

The claim, also, is borne out by the results. The Groups are guided and empowered by the Spirit to change human lives. "Life-Changing"—that is the great mission of the Groups, as it ought to be the supreme mission of every Christian. Like their Master they go after the lost, to seek and to save them. Particularly do they specialize in the "down and outs," the interesting sinner, the merry undergraduate who has no use for religion, the hard nuts of the universities. And they have had remarkable successes, showing that Christ and his gospel are still able to win souls, especially the young and the vigorous. True American that he is, "F. B." has developed a detailed technique: the establishment of "contact," the house-party method, the principle of "sharing," etc. But whatever be the methods adopted, the church has to devote its attention primarily to this task of *changing lives*. Its ministers and workers must tackle the individual sinner, must go after the wandering and the lost, particularly the youth who are now so easily condemned and so lightly abandoned.

But I referred to a more significant thing than the Groups taking place in India today! I refer to Mahatma Gandhi's *Satyagraha* movement. I have long felt that this is a truer and a more literal lifting up of the Cross than any other movement in the world today. Mahatmaji's claim to hear and obey the voice of God is a ringing challenge to us Christians who claim to be the Spirit-guided people. Questioned by the whole world, doubted even by his intimate associates, he stood almost as one man against the world on the need and the justification of his recent fast, taking his stand on his assurance of the Spirit's guidance. "My claim," he said, "to hear the voice of God is no new claim.—I have been a willing slave to this most exacting Master for more than half a century. His voice has been increasingly audible as the years have rolled by. He has never forsaken me, even in my darkest hour. He has saved me often against myself and has left me not a vestige of independence. The greater the surrender to him, the greater has been my joy." The Christian can only meet this challenge by a greater confidence and a fuller obedience.

The Oxford Groups are changing individual lives. The church has always attempted that and achieved successes in it. But my fear is that the change in individual lives does not go far enough to change the world, to make these life-changers and their products men who turn the world upside down. Let me explain! I heard the Indian missioner say that an Oxford Group Team was received in audience and highly commended by Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Premier. But was their impact on Mr. Bennett powerful enough to change his economic and his foreign policy? I recall another interview when another representative of the British Crown was closeted for a few hours with a "half naked Fakir." And the result was an agreement which the joint-authors attributed to the application of the Sermon on the Mount. I refer to the Gandhi-Irwin Pact.

That is the sort of change that the Gospel of Christ ought to be working in the hearts of men and in the world at large. An Indian

Christian in this hour of his nation's travail and his Lord's opportunity would wistfully ask, "Will the Oxford Groups be powerful enough to change the heart of Sir Samuel Hoare to apply the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to the settlement of the Indian question?" That would be proof incontestable of the power of the Christ-Spirit to control the destinies of the world, and it would go far, very far, in setting up God's kingdom in this and every land.

S. K. GEORGE.
*Nanthencode, South India.*

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### The English Sedition Bill

[*From Our Special Correspondent*]

"I object to the human spirit being limited and confined to its freedom by embattled economic power such as Capitalism affords today. Why, we have not got a whiff of Liberty as yet. The great mass of our people are not free to choose a destiny for their children, and to live lives that would be good lives. The great mass of our people are not free to say what they like and to think what they like."

This quotation, you may be surprised to learn, is from a speech made in 1923 by the present Prime Minister, the head of a government which has done more to trample on the last vestiges of liberty than any government in this country for over a hundred years. The Incitement to Disaffection Bill is its latest achievement.

The dangers in this bill lie principally in the following facts:

First, it makes it illegal to have *in one's possession* or "under one's control" any document "of such a nature that the dessemination of copies thereof among members of His Majesty's Forces *would be an offence*". This means that all pacifist or anti-war literature, political, religious or philosophical, would be dangerous property unless one could prove to a magistrate (perhaps a political opponent) that one had "lawful excuse" for possessing such literature.

Second, it is illegal "to do or attempt to do or cause to be done or attempted *any act preparatory to the commission of an offence.*" As these may mean anything or nothing, one might be arrested for taking a ticket to Aldershot, and fined £200 or given two years' imprisonment (the maximum penalty).

Third, "If a justice of the peace is satisfied by information on oath that there is *reasonable ground for suspecting* that an offence under this Act has been committed, he may grant a search warrant authorizing any constable", "to search the premises or place and every person found therein and to seize anything found . . . . which he has reasonable ground for suspecting" etc. etc. This means a revival of the General Warrant—a form of Stuart tyranny which was abolished in the Seventeenth Century as inconsistent with the most elementary ideas of liberty. In Germany such warrants have been widely used by the police in order to "plant" seditious literature on persons whose activities have been inconvenient to the Government. In India the same practice obtains. Its introduction into England constitutes a terrible temptation to the police and a menace to the public.

The whole bill is objectionable to anyone who values freedom, but these three points must be selected for an especially vigorous attack because they would mean an outrageous increase in the machinery of repression. It is typical of this country that while measures such as this have been introduced in Germany, Austria, etc. in a spectacular manner complete with emergency decrees and uniformed Fascists, the British government has brought forward this bill in an off-hand and almost absent-minded manner. Similarly the British press as a whole has given little attention to it. In Germany and Austria, in India and Kenya the government controls the press by terrifying ordinances. In Britain there is apparently no need; the press as a whole is its willing servant.

Talk of India and Kenya brings us sharply up against the reality of the situation. Abominable as this bill is, we shall not rightly understand it or gauge its importance until we realize that infinitely worse measures have continued uninterrupted under successive governments throughout the Colonial Empire and in India for the last hundred years. To those of us who have watched with impatience the complacency of British "democracy" in face of this fact, the bill is not an unmixed evil. The British people, with all their professions in favor of liberty and self-government, have never yet in a single election shown their willingness to apply these principles to the 500,000,000 Indians and Africans over whom we have long ruled as despotically as Hitler, by methods quite as barbarous and with even less pretense of a moral justification. Today we are about to learn that imperialism is a boomerang that strikes back at the man who wields it. British workers have been the tools of British capitalism in building this Empire. They have even been allowed, in a small way, to share the spoils, (for co-partnership is a maxim known to all wise capitalists). But empire has brought war, and war means perpetual armament and military efficiency. Therefore the final result of this betrayal of our common humanity with those millions in Asia and Africa is destruction to ourselves. Just as British workers died in the mud of Flanders in order that the Union Jack might still float over "an empire on which the sun never sets"—just as the jute factories of Dundee are closed because Indian workers can be forced to work under foul conditions in Calcutta with more profit to the shareholders—so today the British people as a whole must be subjected to the intolerable indignities of the Sedition Bill in order that military discipline may be insured against being corrupted by truth. Why? Because only with such an army can we continue to inflict similar indignities upon the colored races.

I have deliberately used the phrase "corrupted by truth" because truth is, before all things, the weapon that imperialists and militarists fear most. They are not in the least afraid of our telling the soldiers lies. Indeed, if the Prime Minister is to be believed, they have army chaplains for that very purpose. Writing in 1921, in the *Socialist Review,* Mr. MacDonald spoke of "priests and parsons . . . who lied so egregiously both to God and man when they told us of the purifying influence of war." On the other hand we have the word of a practical soldier, General Viscount Wolsley, for the following enlightening statement regarding truth and militarism:

"As a nation we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood. . . . We will keep hammering along with the old conviction that 'honesty is the best policy,' and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well for a child's copy book, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheathe his sword forever."

(From the "Soldier's Pocket Book," 1886).

While, therefore, it is our duty to fight this bill and if possible to prevent it from becoming law, we must realize how intimately it is connected with the whole system under which we live. We must not be content with the defeat of the Sedition Bill; we must see to it that our countrymen know *why* the government has introduced it—*and of what truth they are afraid.*

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.
*London, England,*